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Choice Boetry. THE DESERTED MANSION.

HT MRS. R. S. NICHOLS my earlier years, when jocond youth dever on, with timbrel, dance and song! hat which seems to be, yet is not, truth, yes the heart with many a winard throng; ill without is colored from within, orgone thate, like woven relabows, span horizon of the child of sin, has learned, in heart, the history of Man!

us in those joyeus hours, my steps were led y curious funcies, to a manufer old; one builder long had fraternized the dead—heel heart had long been descluste and cold. heel, gray granite crewraed its outward wall, it hearded of the mose and church year mould; like death's eightless eyes, the windows that year from their crumbling france—the worm grays as held.

Twas but a steme a threw from the nejsy street.
Yet alleans would o'er its chambers din;
The distinct would of whosis and burrying feet.
Seemet like a siver's low, continual hymn.
A wilderness of weeks, and shreshe, and Georges,
And trailing sendrile of the ufficunt vines.
Hid the low entrance to the latticed bowers,
the dark.

The bingue rusted on the iron gate,
And creeked discost, as with my childish ha
t shock the bars of that lone prices grate,
Amid a falling above of lime and sand.
The damp, old payments sunt an key child
Through every thre of my beeyant frame;
And with a shivering owe. I crossed the sill,
Upon whose listed quaint was carved a date of

There was a rastle in the dingy ball.

That stayed my feet, and made my heart threb sere.

Twas but the paper hanging from the wall.

The brease had festered, through the opening door.

Again, I started at the echeing named.

Of each light clap, fresh planted on the stair—

Pale ghosts and shadows seemed to croop around.

And all my oh idheed's feare took form and met me the

Then thue, I thought, the door is opened wide,
The fearless anabeams dance upon the floor;
What if the wicked here untimely died?
The grave is deep, the deed return no more!
Then, with frash searage tingling through my veles,
I swiftly mounted the old caken stair.
Nor passed but each, to brush some cobwebbed passes,
That looked abread for miles upon a landscape rare.

At length I came unto a chamber hung
With faded paper, stained with damp and time;
The bloated spider to the cornice clusy—
The single watcher o'er the access of orime.
The stery is an old, finalizer tale.
Told in the nursery, to infant care;
Her off, I've seen the little checks grow pale.
At the accurred words that teriared their young years.

The last dark owner of that ruined place, Had squandered health and wealth, and fr fruit.

He hand had emote the nearest of his race—
His leve had withered up a maiden's yeuth.

At length the fined, that lurks within the how!,

Here are non-single banded his band; bed;

And baidly claimed the wretched madman's soul—

And in a pool of blood, the merning found him dead.

There steed the bed, for some might seek that room;
The beir, a child, was in a distant land;
Around, the tell-takes of his fearful down
Were cardiane sterward, by his draw dying hard?
And on a table hearest to the couch,
One glittering object midst the dimness lay;
Long, long I leoked, at last I dared to touch—
Oh! God of staless heete! do some of darkness pray?

It was a cross of fixest, purest gold,
Linked to a chain of long, dark, braided bair;
The sacred symbol of those griefs untold.
Which, for our sake, the fine of God did loar?
A cross of gold!—and worn, perchases, by one
Who loved the owner well, despits his docts.
The very walls of his old mansion's gons.
And cross, and braided hair, lie buried mong the woods

Select Storn.

MAKING A WILL.

AN IRISH TALE.

It was a little after miduight, that a knock came to the door of our cabin. I heard it first, for I used to alsop in a little anug basket near the firs; but I didn't speak, for I was frightened. It was still repeated louder, and then came a cry, "Con Cregan! Con, I say, open the door! I wast you."

I knew the roice well; it was Peter M'Cabe's; but I pretended to be fast asleep, and snored loudly. At last my father unbolted the door. "Oh, Mr. Peter, what's the matter? Is the ould man worse?"

"Fair, that, what he is; for he's dead!" repli-Peter.
'Glory be his bed! When did it happen?"

"Glory be his bed! When did it happen?"

"About an hour ago," said Peter, in a voice that even I, from my corner, could perceive was greatly agitated. "He died like an ould heathen, Con, and never made a will?"

"That's bed," says my father; for he was always a polite man, and said whatever was pleasing to the company.

"It is bed," said Peter; "but it would be worse, if we couldn't help it. Listen to me new, Corner; I want ye to help me in this business; and here are five guineas in gold, if ye do what I bid ys. Te know that ye were always reckened the very image of my father, and before he took ill, ye was mistaken for each other svery day of the week."

"Anan!" said my father, for he was getting frightened at the notion, without well knowing why.

why.
"Well, what I want, is for ye to come over into the house, and get into the bed."
"Not beside the corpse?" said my father,

"Not beside the sorpse?" and my fatase, trembling.

"By no means, but by yourself; and you're to pretend to be my father, and that ye want to make yer will before ye die; and then I'll send for the neighbors, and Billy Scanlau, the school-master; ye'll tell him what to write, leaving all the farm and everything to me, ye understand. And as the neighbors will see ye, and hear yer voice, it will never be believed but it was himself that did it."

"To be sire, it will; but have no fear! No-body will dare to come nigh the bed; and ye'll only have to make a cross with yer pen under the name."

"And the priest," said my father.
"My father quarreled with him last week, about the Easter does; and father Tom said he'd not give him the rites; and that's lucky now! Come along, now—quick—for we've no time to lose; it must be all finished before the day

Come along, now—quick—for we've in the day breaks."

"All right," was the reply.

My father did not lose much time at his toilet, for he just wrapped his big coat round him, and alipping on the brogues, left the house. I sat up in the basket, and listened till they were gone some minutes; and then, in costame as light as my parent's, setout after them, to watch the course of the adventure. I thought to take a short cut, and get before them; but by bad luck I fell into a hog-hole, and only occaped drowning by a chance. As it was, when I reached the house, the performance had already begun. I think I see the whole asses this instant before my eyes, as I sat on a little window, with one pame, and that a bruken one, and surveyed the propeedings. It was a large room, at one end of which was a bad, and beside it was a table with physic bottles, and spoom, and teacupe; a little further off was another table, at which at Billy Scanlan, with all massner of writing materials before him.

The country people set two and cometimes three deep round the walls, all intently enger and anxious for the coming event; Fester himself went from place to place, trying to smather his grief, and occasionally helping the company to whisker, which was supplied with more than accustomed liberality.

All my consciousness of the deceit and trickery could not deprive the scene of a certain colemnity. The misty distance of the half-lighted rountry peoples, avers sure transaction of the country peoples, avers sure transaction of the country peoples, avers sure transaction of the country peoples, avers sure transact and trickery could not deprive the scene of a certain colemnity. The misty distance of the half-lighted rountry peoples, avers sure transact, and trickery could not deprive the scene of a certain colemnity. The misty distance of the half-lighted to accept the tribute of affectionate softway.

than as some moment of filts kind; the hist deep-drawn breathing, anbroken save by a eigh or a sub; the tribute of affectionate acrow to some lost friend, whose memory was these faced-bly brought back; these were all so real, that as I looked, a thrilling some of one stole over me, and I actually shook with fear.

A low, fight cough from the dark corner where the ball slood; seemed to came over a greater

stillness; and then, in a silence where the burzing of a fly would have been heard, my father
said: "Where's Billy Scanlan? I want to make
my will!"
"He's here, father," said Pete, taking Billy by
the hand, and leading him to the bed-side.
"Write what I bid ye, Billy, and be quick;
for I haven't a long time afore me here. I die a
goed Catholic, though Father O'Rafferty won't
give me the rites!"

A general chorus of muttered, "Oh! mushe.

A general chorus of muttered, "Oh! mushs, mashs!" was now heard through the room; whether in grief over the sad fate of the dying man, or the unflinching severity of the pricet, is hard to say.
"I die in peace with all my neighbors and all mankind."

Another chorus of the company seemed to ap-prove these charitable expressions.

"I bequeath unto my son, Peter—and never was there a better son or a decenter boy—I be-queath unto my son Peter the whole of my two

quests note my son Peter the whole of my two farms of Killimundonery and Knockabeboora, with the fallow meadows behind Lynch's house; the forge and right of turf on the Doonan bog. I give him—and much good may it do him—Lauty Caraarn's acre, and the Luary field with the lime kiln; and that reminds me that my mouth is just as dry. Let me taste what ye have in the jug." Here the dying man took a hearty pull, and seemed considerably refreshed by it."

"Where was I, Billy Scanlan?" says he. "Oh, I remember; at the lime-kiln. I leave him—that's Peter, I mean—the potate gardens at Noonan's Well; and it is the elegant fine crops grows there." grows there."
"Ain't you getting wake, father, darlint?"
says Peter, who began to be afraid of father's lequaciousness; for, to say the truth, the punch
get into his head, and he was greatly disposed

to talk.

"I am, Peter, my son," says he; "I am getting wake; just touch my lips again with the jug. Ah! Peter, Peter, you watered the drink."

"No, indeed, father, but it is the taste lavin' ye," said Peter; and again a low chorus of compassionate pity murmured through the wide sahin.

Well, I am nearly done now," says my father; "there's only one little spot of ground remaining, and I put it on you. Peter—as ye wish to live a good man, and die with the same easy heart as I do now—that ye mind my last words to ye here. Are ye listening? Are the neigh-hers listening? Is Billy Scanlan listening?" "Yes, sir; yes, father, we're all minding," cho-rused the audience.
"Well, then, it's my last will and testament, and man-give me over the ing", here he took

"Faith, and why shouldn't I?" returned my

"Faith, and why shouldn't I?" returned my father, drily.

"You wouldn't be mean enough to betray me!" anys Peter, trembling with fright.

"Sure, ye wouldn't be mean enough to go against your father's dying wordn!" says my father; "the last soulence ever he spoke;" and here he gave a low, wicked laugh, that made myself shake with fear.

"Very well, Con, says Peter, holding out his hand; "a bargain's a bargain; ye're a deep fallow, that's all."

Father only chuckled a little at this, but said nothing.

nothing.
And so it ended, and my father alipped quietly over the bog, mighty well estisfied with the legacy he loft himself.
And thus we became the owners of the little spot known to this day as Con's Acre.

BISTORY OF A DEAD LETTER.

Missive that has Been Ferty-One Years Beecking to Decileation.

Washington, February 21.—Wooders are constantly occurring in the Dead Letter Office, and one of the most remarkable incidents in the history of the office transpired the other day. In 1836 Samuel Gardner bought a certificate of deposit for \$500 on the Onoudaga Bank of Syracuse, Now York, and mailed it in a letter to his brother, Falmer Gardner, at the village of Detroit, Michigan Territory, pre-paying the postage, which at that time was ten sents. The letter was received at the Detroit post-office, but was not called for by Palmer Gardner, until after ninety days, and was sent to the dead letter office at Washington, where it was opened, and the name of the person who sent it being discovered, it was re-mailed to him at Syracuse, but was never called for, and was sent back to the dead letter office, where, with its contents, it was field away among other valuables.

Some years ago a museum of curionities that had been taken from dead letter, was placed in the ante-room of the office, and among an infinity variety of articles exhibited was the cuvelope in which Palmer Gardner's cartificate of deposit was enclosed, with a ticket attached to call the attention of spectators to the manner in which valuable letters were sent, in the last generation. During the last summer, the Dead Letter Museum was visited by theusands of tourists, and one day an old lady went to Mr. Dellas, the Superintondent, and made some inquiries about that particular envelope, saying that she had a neighbor named Palmer Gardner, in Burlington, Wisconsin; that he was an old man, and formerly lived in Syracuse. Mr. Dellas told har jokingly that she might be informed whether the letter and been waiting him here over forty-one years. She did go home and tell her neighbor about the letter, and he wrote at once to Mr. Dallas, asying, that when he was a young man, in 1835, he emigrated from Syracuse to Detroit, and while there, his brother, Samuel Gardner, see it him some money, which h

THEY talk in Washington of indicting Mr.
Bean Piett for some seditions gabble. This is
too serious. If they were merely to indict him
for playing the fool, the jury would couviet him
without leaving the box.—N. F. Tribese.

Dawrs, the Massachusetta man, has a habit of sitting down twice; that is, he sits down, then picks himself up to be cartain he is all there, and then sits down satisfied.—Washington Letter. THAT Purman, from Florida, has been badly acratched, gatting over the fence. Washington Nation.

Miscellany.

THE BOY ON THE GATE.

The rosy cheeked urchin that swings on the gate. Is a right merry monarch in all but setale; But treasure brings trouble. What litle is free! Thus better without one, thus happy is he; For the ring of his laugh is a mirtle-moring strain, Which a choir of vomes creatives research. Which a choir of young creatures respond to again. The birds are all singing, each heart is elate.

With the roay cheated archin that swings on the gate

The resy cheeked urchin that awings on the gate.

Hath natarols own pages spen him to wait—
His jeyous companions—a cherubin crew,
With posice of displaces, and butter-cups, too.
He beauty not of jewels on forehead or becaut,
But his heart is all glodness—his mind is at rest.
Oh! what are the beauty—the glories of state,
To the resy cheeked urchin that awings on the gate?

The resy-checked archin that swings on the gate, Waves proudly on high his natchel and slate; The sky is all brightness—the fields are all gay; Green branches are waving—the lambe are at play; And where is the bosons that pines not to be. Thus betted he the saminght as hopey as he! For the heart's purest pleusers we flat them too late, And sight to be swinging again on the gate.

THE LADIES OF THE WRITE HOUSE. Mrs, Grant's Retirement Both the President und the VicosPresident Married Men American Women as Mistresses of the White House.

The present is an era of kindly sentiment, and, as one token of it, we are happy to observe in more than one journal pleasant notices of the late lady of the White House. Mrs. Grant seems late lady of the Winte Honse. Ars, Grant seems to retire from a position of considerable respon-sibility with the best wishes of all who knew her. As a good housewife she has not probably found the Executive Mansion a very convenient found the Executive Mansion a very convenient place of abode. All reports concur in represent-ing that renowmed edifice to be in a condition somewhat dilapidated and actually verging on the shabby. In fact, for eight years Mrs. Grant has had no house of her own, and has really been at the head of a large office maintained for the benefit and use of the American people. The modest little structure which she left at Galona was doubtless for plearanter and in a creat deal was doubtless far pleasanter and in a great deal better repair. We are inclined to believe that Mrs. Hayes will also think with some regret of her snug, elegant, and commodious Ohio house, as the auction advertisements say, "with all modern improvements." We know at least from her correspondence that such was the homesick her correspondence that such was the homesics feeling of Mrs. John Adams, who was always longing for the old-fashion of residence, half villa and half farm house, which she had left in Mas-

reach the audience.

"Well, then, it's my lest will and testament, and may—give me over the jug"—here be took a long driuk—"and may that blessed liquor be poison to me if I'm not as eager about this as every other part of the will; I say, then, I bequeath the little plot at the cross-roads to poor. Con Cregan, for he has a heavy charge, and is as honest and hard-working a mut as ever I knew. Be a friend to him, Peter, dear; never let him want while ye have it yourself—think of me on my death-bed, whenever he asks ye for a trifle. Is it down, Billy Scanlan? The two acres at the cross-roads, to Con Gregan and his heirs forever. Ah! blessed he the asints! but I feel my heart lighter, after that," says he—"a good work makes an easy conscience. And now I'll drink all the company's good health, sad many happy returns—"

What he was going to add, there's no eaying; but Peter, who was terribly frightness at the impace.

When they were all gone, Peter slipped back to my father, who was putting on his brogues in a corner. "Con," says he, "ye did all well; but agre, that was a joke about the two acres at the cross."

"Of course, it was, Peter!" says he; "suro, it was all a joke, for the matter of that; won't I make the neighbors laugh heartily to-morrow, when I tell them all about it!"

"What!" exclaimed Peter, in amazement. "Faith, and why shouldn't I!" returned my father, drily. clouded his last official days. We have not men-tioned the stately lady of the true aristocratic Virginian blood, who was the wife of Washing-ton, and who will always be remembered with him. She was never a lady of the White House. Of the wive of other Presidents there is little known, and nothing of public interest to be said.

known, and nothing of public interest to be said.

We think it creditable to the character of American women, and an evidence of their tact and ability gracefully to adapt themselves to circumstances, that no President's wife has shown any particular incapacity for the position through want of good breeding and dignified manners. Usually all the ladies of the President's house have been respectfully treated by the press and the public, and there has been little scandalous tittle tattle about any of them. Two or three of them have been remarkable for a deeply religious character. We are sure that the best wishes of the mation attend the coming of the new misof the nation attend the coming of the new mis-tress of the White House, and that in her hands its traditional dignity and decorum of life will

THE HIGH PRICE OF OREGON LAWYERS.—He THE HIGH PRICE OF OREGON LAWYERS.—He had braced binnelf against one of the columns of the bank building on Leidesdorff Street, and was evidently laughing himself to death, when an old friend came up and inquired what he was so pleased about. "Have you seen that dispatch?—ha, ha, ha, ho, ho, ho, haw, haw haw! Oh, Lord! it is rich—haw, haw, haw, ho, ho, ho-o! Eight thousand dollars; ob, it is too good!—haw, haw, haw, ho, ho, ho; oh, oh, O! Seut to Oregon to retain connes!? Oh, let me laugh? Such a joke!" And he did have his laugh out, and the crowd waited till be got sufficient breath to explain, thus: "Gentlemen, you have heard of Crouin of Oregon. Well, he got the Democrate in trouble, it is said, and they, fo get out of it, wanted to hire a lawyer or two up in Salem. Oregon, and Tilden sent out \$8,000 as a retai—bo, ho! haw, haw!—ner, gentlemen. I have not time to tell you the whole thing, as I find it difficult to restrain my feelings, but the point is this. I have practiced law fifteen years in Oregon, and you may hung up a retainer of \$150 on the top branch of the tallest fir tree in the State, and the whole bar of Oregon will climb for it. Good day, gentlemen. Ha, ha, ho!"—Alts California.

INELIGIBLE ELECTORS.—In \$537\$ there were

INELIGIBLE ELECTORS.—In 1837 there were INELIGIBLE ELECTORS.—In 1837 there were half a dozen Electors appointed who were persons holding offices of trust or profit under the United States Government. At that time a committee, on which were some of the most eminent statesmen of the country, Democrats and Whigs, reported in effect that the votes of such Electors should be counted, that there was no provision of law any where giving authority to reject them. At almost every Presidential election votes of such Electors have been counted, and not one of such has ever been rejected.—Grand Rapids (Mich.) Eagle.

THE PARTISANSHIP OF THE COMMISSION. -So THE PARTISANSHIP OF THE COMMISSION.—So far as the "partisanship" is concerned, which the Desnocracy affect to denounce became the decision was adverse to them, the party lines drawn in the Commission were but the reflection of the party lines drawn all over the country, and it is worse than folly to condemn the Commission for dividing upon a question which has already clearly and irrevocably divided the online working mentaltion of the United States—

New York Tribune: There are still two men in the United States who are in favor of the Springfield Republican's patent notion that this thing should be settled by having President Tilden appoint Gov. Hayes his Secretary of State. One of them lives in Gramercy Purk. The other—well, Charles Prancis Adams wishes he

A man in a New York hotel the other evening wanted to bet the drinks for the crowd that there were more Tilden men than Hayes men in the lobby where they were standing. Some one took him up, and a fair count showed one for Tiblen and sixteen for Hayes. He paid for the seventeen drinks.

This Twa' BROTHERS.—It is said that David Dadley Field elept in the same bed with his brother the Judge, and then, the next day made an argument and a plea before his brother, one of the Electoral Commissioners.

THE NEW CABINET.

TROY, KANSAS, THURSDAY, MARCH 22, 1877.

From Lanmar's Biographical Annals and other sources we have obtained the following brief biographical sketches of the members of Hayes' cabinet:

William M. Evarts was born in Beston, Mass-achusetts, February, 1818; and was the son of William M. Evarts was born in Recton, Massachusetts, February, 1818; and was the son of Jercenials Evarts a lawyer and writer of some note, and on his mother wide, grand son of Roger Sherman. He graduated at Yale College in 1837; sindied law at Cambridge, and came to the bar in New York in 1840, and obtained a high position as a leading lawyer. He was the leading connsel employed to defend Presdent Johnson in his trial before the Senate; was Attorney General of the United States from July, 1866, to March, 1879, when he resigned; was one of the three lawyers appointed to defend the interests of the United States before the tribunal of arbitration at Genevya, 1871, to settle the "Alabama claims;" and he was one of the counsel who defended Henry Ward Bescher in 1875. In 1857 he received the degree of doctor of laws from Union College; and he is the author of several legal productions. In November, 1875, he was invited by the Centennial Commission to deliver the opening oration at the exposition in 1876.

SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

John Sherman was born in Lancaster, Ohio, May 19th, 1823: received a liberal education; adopted the profession of law, and came to the bar in 1844. In 1848 and 1852 he was a delegate to the Ohio conventions of those years; in 1854 he was elected a Representative from Ohio to the Thirty-Forth Congress; re-elected to the Thirty-Fifth; and on being returned to the Thirty-Fifth; and on being returned to the Thirty-Sixth Congress, he was the Republican candidate for Speaker, and after an unprecedented contest, wanted only one or two votes to secure his election. During that Congress he was Chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means. In 1860 he was elected to the Thirty Soventh Congress, but in 1861, on the resignation of Senator Chase, he was chosen a Senator in Congress, serving as Chairman of the Committee on Agriculture and on Finance, and as a member of those on the Pacific Railroad, and on the Judiciary. In January, 1865, he was re-elected to the Senate for the term commencing in 1867 and ending in 1873, serving again at the head of the Finance Committee, and on those on the Patent Office and the Pacific Railroad. He was re-elected to the Senate for the term coding in 1879. SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

ed to the Senate for the term ending in 1879. He is the brother of General Sherman. SECRETARY OF WAR. George W. McCrary was born in Indiana, Au-George W. McGrary was born in Indiana, August 27, 1835; removed with his parents to Wisconsin Territory in 1836; studied law, and came to the bar in Keokuk, Iowa, in 1856; in 1857 he was elected to the State Legislature; in 1861 he was elected to the State Senate for four years, and after devoting all his time to the practice of his profession until 1888, he was then elected a Representative from Iowa to the Forty-First Congress, serving on the Committee on Revision of Laws, and Naval Affairs. He was also relected to the Forty-First, Forty-Second, and Forelected to the Forty-First, Forty-Second, and For-ty-Third Congress, serving as Chairman of the Committee on Elections, and Railroads and Ca-

Richard W. Thompson was born in Culpepper County, Virginia, June 9, 1809; received a good English and classical education; but his love of adventure led him into the wilds of Kentucky before he became of age. In 1831 he settled in Lonisville, and became a clark in an extensive mercantile house; tiring of this, he removed to Lawrence County, Indiana, taught school for a few months, but again turned his attention to merchandise, selling goods and studying law at the same time. He was admitted to the bar in 1834, and was almost immediately elected to the 1834, and was almost immediately elected to the Indiana Legislature; was re-elected in 1835; in 1836 he was elected to the State Senate, served two years, and was for a time President pro temof the Senate, and acting Lieutenant Governor; he was a Presidential Elector in 1840, and voted for General Harrison, whose election he zealously advocated with his pen and on the stump; and in 1841 he was elected a Representative in Congress for the term ending in 1843. In 1844 he was again chosen Presidential Elector; was again a Representative in Congress from Indiana from 1847 to 1849, when he declined a re-election. Since that time he has held no public office, but has been devoted to the practice of his profession at Terre Hante. President Taylor offered him the appointment of Charge D'Affaires to Austria, and President Fillmore the office of Recorder of the General Land Office, both of which he declined. In 1864 he was elected a Presiden-

Charles Devens was born in Charlestown, Mass., April 4, 1820, is a graduate of Harvard College, and for many years a lawyer. He was United States Marshal of that State from 1849 to 1853, under Fillmore, and entered the military service in 1861 as Major of a battalion of rifles, closing his army record as a brevet Major General. He was appointed a Judge of the Superior Court in 1809, and subsequently of the Superior Court, which position he now holds. He was nominated for Governor in 1862 by the Democrats against John A. Andrew, but being at that time in the field commanding a brigade in the sixth corps, did not go home. He was promoted to the command of a division soon after, and was severely wounded at Chancellorsville, and during his recovery was in charge of the recruiting station there. Since the war he has taken no active part in polities, but has been known as a Conservative and Independent.

David McKendree Key, of Chattanooga, was born in Greene County; Tennessee, Jannary 27, 1894. His family moved in 1926 into Mouroe County, where he was raised on a farm, studying at the Winter schools; entered Hiawassee College in 1845, and graduated in 1850; studied law and was admitted to the bar and entered into practice in Chattanooga in 1853; was a Presidential Elector on the Buchanan and Breckenridge ticket in 1856; and on the Breckenridge and Lane ticket in 1850; entered the Confederate Army in 1861, and served through the entire war as Lieutenant-Colonel of the Forty-Third Tennessee Infantry; was a member of the State Constitutional Convention of Tennessee in 1870; was elected Chancellor of the Third Chancellor District in 1870, and held the position until appointed to the United States Senate in 1875, as a Demoerat, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the Democrat, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Andrew Johnson. Democrat, taking his seat December 6, 1875. His term of service in the Senate expired on the 4th of the present

Carl Schurz was born near Cologue, Germany, March 2, 1829; educated at the university of Bonn; while yet a young man he became identified with the press, and edited a paper identified with the revolution of 1848; took a part in the defense of Rastadt, after which he fled to Switzerland; subsequently resided in Paris and London, where he was a teacher and correspondent for three years; and emigrated to this country in 1853. He was a delegate to the Chicago Convention of 1860, taking a leading part in its proceedings; in 1861, he was selected by President Lincoln as Minister to Spain, which position he agon resigned; he was then appointed a Brigadier General of volunteers, and was present at the second battle of Built Run, and at the Battle of Gettysburg; after the war he was appointed a Commissioner to visit the Southern States and report upon the affairs of the Freedmen's Burean; in 1865 and 1866 he was a Washington correspondent for the New York Tribus; was an absequently connected with the press of Detroit and St. Louis; was a delegate to the Chicago Convention of 1869; and elected a Senator in Congress from Missouri for the term commencing in 1869 and ending in 1875, serving on the Committees on pensions, Territories, and military affairs. A man in a New York hotel the other evening

Lay as see, it is going on twelve years, isn't it, since the Democratic party "accepted the inevitable with courage and resolution," and Grant's terms?—Harkeye.

ROUTESTER Democrat: There is probably some mischief brewing. Ben Butler hasn't spoken these three weeks.

THE DEATH OF TILDEN.

Sam Tilden, he of Tammany, lay dying in New York; The last hard fight was over—the campaign had done its work.

And Abe Hewitt stood beside him, as his life blood obbed And bent, with eager glances, to hear what he might say. The dying statesman faltered, as he took Abe Hewitt's hand.
And said: "Tis true I ne'er shall rule this great and happy land.
Take a telegram and boken to reformer friends of thine.
For you are friendly to reform, that hobby-horse of mine.

"Tell Randall and Fernando Wood, and all the other crowd, Who fought so nobly for reform, and talked so very loud, That they did their duty bravely, and earely would have A gan, That reform might be neterious, and we might have our

rage : And don't forget dear Waterson, that gentle Southern child, And give my love to Piatt, that writer fierce and wild. "Defend my suit for income tax, and save my scanty hoard; I paid all that I ought to have—upon a patriot's word. And frame and hang dear gobble's nose where bright the sunbama shine.

And never say that, dying, I went and left no sign.

"Tell Cronin not to weep for me, and blow his nose so red, When Hayes goes into Washington with glad and gallant tread : I send him with my dearest love a packet dictionary, And kind regards to Grover, too, with thoughts not

"But don't write cipher telegrams; no, not a single line, For they have brought me to this fix, though 'twas no fault of thine; There's another—not a Congressman—in the happy days you knew him by the diamond that abone brighter than his eye.

Too innocent for bribery, too rich for idle scorning— Ah, Abe, I fear the nicest cells make sometimes heaviest mourning! Tell him the last night of my life—for ere the moon My body will be out of pain, though his is still in prison— I dreamed I sat with him, and saw the yellow dollar shine, As when we worked together, in the happy olden time; I I saw the Hudson aweep along; I heard, or seemed to hear. The magic whispers of that voice, in accents aweet and

"And up the pleasant river, and over all the State, We used to walk with converse aweet, and hopes an hearts elate; And then, alse! we went spart—it almost makes me smile, For I was sent to Albany, and he to Blackwell's Isle. But, oh, that now he sat here, his little hand in mine, And told me that he loved me, as in the olden time!" His trembling voice grew faint and boarse, his grasp was childish weak: He asked for Petton and for Tweed—he sighed, and ceased

Abe Hewitt bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fied,
The champion of reform was politically dead.
And the full moon rose up slowly, and calmly abe looked
down
On Democrats demoralized, and sadly hanging round—
Yes, calmly on that sad, sad sight, her pale light seemed
to smile. As it shows upon Gramercy Park, Bill Tweed, and Black-well's Isle.

THE END.

The Dawn of the Long Yearned-for Ern of Prosperity and Pence—The Disappearance of What has Heretofore Boen Known as the "Holid South."

The country draws a long broath. Relief has come, and peace. The weary struggle which began in effect more than a year age, which took definite form early in July of last year, which has stifled business and elogged the wheels of industry for many months, and pushed thousands of firms into the gulf of bankruptcy, has ended at last. A splendid era of prosperity gilds the horizon with the glow of dawn. Millions of patient workers have waited with sore hearts for that better day; millions of weary wives and hungry children have lived on hope until political wranglers could bring their long coutest to hungry children have lived on hope nutil politi-cal wranglers could bring their long contest to an end. But it ends at last in a triumph of jus-tice and law, of national honor and prosperity. The country rejoices to day, not only because the struggle is over, but because it does not end in the success of Mr. Tilden and his approximation.

in the success of Mr. Tilden and his supporters. A great revulsion of public opinion toward him and his party has taken place since his nomination, and even since the election. Disclosures respecting his own conduct have been such as to destroy almost completely the confidence which many felt that gennine reform was possible through his inauguration. His party as a whole, and particularly that portion of it which represented his will most nearly, has utterly disgusted the country by its behavior. Not since the darkest days of 1831 has the Damocratic party displayed such lack of decency, honor, or patriotism, such disregard of the prosperity of the country, such muscrupulous and revolutionary recklessuess, as in this contest. The able and patriotic Democrats, to whom the country owes a peaceful cubing of the count, have been outvoted in canens, publicly denounced as traitors to their party, forced to fight against all the machinations of their candidate, his hired atterney, and the man who represented him at Washington, and have nearly seen a majority of all the Democratic votes in the House cast again and again, through weary days and nights, for dishouerable and revolutionary measures. All honor to the men whose courage and patriotism gave the country peace. But they cannot hat feel that the country ought to rejvice that it has escaped the cuteful B. Hayes better than it did on the day of election. Every day and hour he has gained in public opinion, as Mr. Tilden has lost, not only by comparison, had absolutely. Thousands who voted against Mr. Hayes, now know that they can trust him wholly. Throughout a despecate contest which has excited so strong a man as Mr. Tilden to a hundred hunders, the calm, strong man of Offic has made not one false step, utfered not a single injudicious word, and preserved a manly dignity and self-control which stand in startling contrast to the behavior of his opponent. But thousands hou or his, not only by comparison, had absolutely. Thousands how, but he feed to a hundred hunders,

SINGULAR coincidence—Hayes wears a No. 8, d Tilden a No. 7 hoot.—Ec.

[From the Toledo Blade.] THE NAMBY LETTERS.

CONFEDRIT X ROADS.

WICH IS IN THE STATE UV KENTUCKY, March 3, 1877.
Haze is elected, ther sin't no dout uv that. We Haze is electid, ther sin't no dout uv that. We hev heard nv it, and are shoor uv it. Bascom hez given me notis that ther ain't no more likker for me, onless I pay for it, which is holler mockery, and he hez commenst to foreclose on haff the farms in the visinnity. Pollock, Bigler, and the niggers are joobilant, and Bascom hez commenst makin advances to em. Precisely in proporshen ez he cools to me, he warms to them. Men worship the risin, never the settin san. It is well—I youst to do the same thing myself. I shan't hev any more at his bar, but he can't rob me uv the drink's I hev had, and that is some comfort.

We held a meetin ny hoomiliashen and angish at the meetin-house, last nite. I am not a man given to cussin, for I never knowd that cussin even a nulle, ever made it go, onless the cussin waz reinforced with a club. Swarin and club, in ekal proporabens, hez hed effect on a mule, but I hev alluz hed more faith in the club han in the cussin. The cussin may possibly inspire the club, and thus be indirectly benefish. Nevertheless. I did resits this. ertheless, I did resite this SAM UV AGONY:

In the dust uv boomiliashen are we. Ashes we throw upon our heds by the scuttle-Hair-cloth we ware next to our skins, figgera-

tively.

Hair-cloth we wood ware next to our skins, actooally, ef we cood git any one to trust us for

actooally, ef we cood git any one to trust us for a supply.

Wood that goin about neerly nakid wuz a proper mode uv expressin greef, for then we cood go into the deepest kind uv mournin without changin our costoom.

Ther be three things wich are too wonderful for me, yes, four wich I'm blest ef I know:
Wat the Dimocrisy wantid uv a High Jint Commishn at all.

Why it didn't hev a Dimecratic High Jint, ef it hed to hev one. it hed to hev one.

Why it didn't bust the concern afore it waz everlastinly too late, when it found it wuzn't a Dimecrat High Jint.

Why we wuz cust with men in the leedership

wich bedn't cunnin enuff to win by strategy, or kurrage enuff to take by force.
The Couies are but a feeble folk.

We are Conies, of ther ever wuz sich.
Cussid be Morton, cussid be Blane, cussid be
Sherman, cussid be Edmunds, cussid be Davis,
and especially cussid be Bradley.
For he wuz the eighth man, and he coodent
rise above partizanship fur cuuff to vote with
Feeld and Clifford.

Feeld and Clifford.

We electid Davis, which gave them a majority in the High Jint, and its a tous-up whether he don't support Haze after all.

We had the game in our own hands, fur we had stole four seen.

in in Looseaner?

Uv wat yoose wuz the rific clube uv South Kerliny, and wat good did it do to colonize Injeany?

The ante are a people not strong, yit they prepare ther mest in the summer.

We prepared our mest last summer, but it spiled in the curin.

Our smoke-house is bustid, and our hams is not.

Four yeers uv Haze, four yeers uv waitin and ongin.

Ther will be niggers in the Postoffices, and he faithful will stand outside and nash ther

For three things Democrisy is disquicted, and four wide nearly killed it: and Foold.

Tilden, Hewitt, Pelton, and Feeld.
When I think uv the idiocy uv these men, wich we trustid, and into whose hands we give ourselves. I lift up my voice, and howl with King Lemycoel's mother, "Give not your strenth to old wimmen."

Young ones take away strenth, but it returneth—old ones destroy by ther counsel, and it is irretreevable.

Young ones take away strenth, but it returneth—old ones destroy by ther counsel, and it is irretreevable.

Ef they'd had ez much sense ez they hed money, we'd never bin made Nebuckhednezzers uv, and bin turned out to grass in this way.

That aushent Asyrian mits hev liked it, for ther wax no Bascom's in Babylon for him to refresh hisself in, but we don't.

Wat's the yoose uv holdin the keerds, ef yoo don't dare to bet em?

Ther are three things wich is never satisfied, yea, four things say not "it is enuff:" the grave, a Dimecrat wich wants a offis, my stumick, wich is not and never wux filled with water, and the till behind Bascom's counter.

Tilden and Reform is defected, the Dimocrat wich wants offis will want it still, my stumick will take water, par-force, Bascom's till will be empty, and the grave will be filled with starved Dimocrisy, while the Radikels shel wax fat.

The froots that our soles lustid after hev departed from us. The things after wich our mouths watered is gone from us, and we shell find em no more at all.

Tilden and Reform is ded and berried, and in the same grave is berried all our hopes.

We stand over the carease uv reform, and weep: me and Morrissey, and Cronin, and Wood; and our teers drain our sistems.

The Dimocratic camp is damp with teers, and we hev not the wherwithal to replace the moishcher that goes from us.

Tilden despares uv purity in Guverment, and

we hev not the wherwithal to replace the mois-cher that goes from us.

Tilden desparee uv purity in Goverment, and will go back to railrode reckin.

Morrisey sex the Goverment may keep on bein corrupt, for all he keers, and he is goin back to his fare banks.

Feeld sex ther ain't no hope uv purifyin the Goverment, and he will go back to defeudin

And the vast multitood uv Dimocrate wich hungered for postoffises, collecterships, furrin mishus, consulships, and places av all sizes, kinds and dimenshens, remark, yoonanimusly, that ther ain't no yoose in tryin to hev a pure Gaverment, and that it may go to rooin for all they keer; and that it may go to rooin for all they keer; and this one goes back to his bar, that one to his three-keerd monte, the other to his burglary, and the rest to ther borrerin.

I wood hev saved the country, but as the country didn't want to be saved, it may be tuth-

ered.
To Noo York will I go, and I will set up my To Noo York will 1 go, and I will set up my tabernacle ther.

Ex long ex there is whiskey ther will be Dimocrisy, and ther I shel flurish among the faithful. I will rent me a bar-room, and will ware a plug-hat, and be a statesman, and hev politikle influounce in the Sixth Ward.

I will be a captin uv fifty, and git to be a Alderman.

derman.

I will go to the Legislacher, and will do for the State wat the Nashen refessed.

The stan wich the Fedrel bilders rejected, will becum the hed my the State corner.

Honey shell yit cum out uv the careaes, for I will go wher the careaes is.

Baseom remarkt that the prospeck uv my loev-in the Corners, mitigatid, somewat, his greef at the defect uv Tiklen. "Ther is no evit," he sed, "that hern't some good in it. PETROLEUM V. NASSY, Ex-Reformer.

THE Louisians raccals in Washington are nearly all in very poor health. This is ominons; according to Homer the terrible postilence which amote the Greeks before the walls of Troy began with the mules and hogs.—Worcester Press. LOUISIANA is tired of being hauled to the front and made an example of. She wants a chance to take a back seat, in order to mend her breeches, as well as her breeches.—New Orleans

St. Louis Journal: It was the Hon. David Rea, M. C., who informed the Speaker, the other day, that he had a verbal communication in his

THE INAUGURATION OF HAYES.

BY JOAQUES MILLER Granite and marble and granite!
Corridor, column and dome!
A Capitol, buge as a planet.
And mighty as marble built Rome

Stair-steps of granite to glory!
Go up, with thy face to the sun!
They are stained with the feetstep
Of giants and battles well won.

Step-stand on this stairway of granit-Lo! Arlington, storied, and still, With a lullaby hush-but the land it

Reneath us stout hearted Petomac In majesty moves to the sea-Beneath us a sea of proud people Moves on, undivided as he.

Tea, strife it is over and ended, For all the days under the sun; The banners united, and are blended As starlight and sunlight in one.

Lo! banners and hanners and banners! Bread, star-balanced banners of bine— If a single star fell from fair heaven. Why, what would befull us, think you!

Lo! Westward and Northward and Southward The Captains come home from the wars— Now the world shall endure, if we only Keep perfect this system of stars.

The Captain of Captains leads slowly Up the great rounded stairway of stor How unlike on the flerce front of glory Where he led till he led alone!

He stoops on the topmost great granite. That tops the fair highway of fame: ile kieses the Book, and his hand it. Uplifts in the Great God's name.

It is done. God help him! A belder Than Thesus might well besitate To Atlas-like lift on his shoulder This proud, spleudid Capitol's weight.

God help him! The seven hard labors Of Hercules fate has o'ercast. O. States, stand as neighbors to neighbors! O. Statesmen, be Statesmen at last!

ULYSSES S. GRANT. Our Ex-Soldier-President as He is Looked Upon From a Tilden Standpoint.

Ulyases S. Grant retires from the Presidency of the United State to-day, and becomes the sole surviving ex-President of the Republic. All who have filled the high trust before him, rest

who have filled the high trust before him, rest in the City of the Silent. He is yet in the vigor of life, having been the youngest of our Chief Magistrates, and the country in whose most thrilling annals he is one of the great central figures, will rejoice to see him long among the people who have deemed their richest gifts his merited offerings.

The Ulysses S. Grant of to-day and the Grant of the future history of the nation, will present very different portraits to the world. Time mellows the passions and prejudices of men, and the grave "covers every defect, buries every error, extinguishes every resentment," and only ror, extinguishes every resentment," and only the attributes of greatness, whether developed in good or in evil, survive for the criticism and example of the generation which follow. The history of each of the three Presidents whose hed stolen four aces.

But they rung in a cold deck onto us, and held a strate-flush when it come to show-down, and they raked in the pot.

Uv wat avale wuz the buyin up uv the St. Loois Convenshun; wat good wuz the buill-dozin in Looseaner?

Uv wat yoose wuz the rific clube uv South Kerliny, and wat good did it do to colonize Injeany?

The ants are a people not strong, yit they prepare they meat in the summer.

We prepared our meat last summer, but it spiled in the curin.

Our smake-house is bustid, and our hams is ty dollars a month he carned, he was called into notice by a local meeting inspired by the appall-ing news that fraternal war had spread its fearful shadow over the country, and as one known to be skilled in unlitary affairs, he was made prominent in the consultation of his community over the terrible trial that was at band for free government. Regiment after regiment was or-ganized and sent to the field, and Grant was yet behind, for he had few friends to press his promotion, and he knew little of the arts which aid self-advancement. One faithful friend, Mr. E. B. Washburn, made Governor Yates overcome his prejudices, and a reluctant Colonel's commis-sion made the here of Appaniattox and the rul-er who has stamped more of his individuality upon the Republic than any of the long, line of Presidents of the past.

As a soldier he us of his own school. Of all

the scores of Generals who brightened and faded during four years of battle, none rivalled Great, in any measure, in the attributes which finely in any measure, in the attributes which fin aly won the costly victory ever rebellion. And his military career was as strangely varied as it was grandly successful. His first battle was a mistake and a failure; his next a victory; his next a triumph, that called out the grateful affection of the nation, and his next a blunder that was esteemed worse than a crime. Shiloh ended his command, and but for a generously trusting President, he would have retired to the obscurity of Galena, to fade into forgetfulness. Time softened the bitter asperities which crowded upon him, and the recall of Halleck to Washington to become commander-in-chief, restored the fallen leader of Shiloh to the head of his army. How he won Vicksburg, after repeated failure had made the heart of the country sick with hope deferred, is a story that is fresh in every memory. "The Fasher of Waters again goes unvexed to the sea," was the elequent tribute to his victory that came from the pen of Lincolu. Again, at the battle among the clouds of Tennessee, he sent out the bulletin of triumph, and with one accord the country that clasmored for his destruction but a few months before, rejoiced as Congress created laurele for him, which had only been won by a Washington and a Scott; and his orders thenceforth summoned a million men as respects in the fearful harvest of death. In the Wilderness battles, he taught the world how free government made a taught the world how free government made a heroum of its own. It was the tempest of des-truction, the hurricane that toyed with the dead, heroism of its own. It was the tempest of destruction, the hurricase that toyed with the dead, but it was the way to peace, and only Grant would have dared and won as he did. For a long, long twelvemonth he held the Confederacy in its dying agonies, and saw it convulse the civilized world and bereave every home in the land in its straggling throse. But Appomattox came at last, and there was but one man in all the twenty millions who battled on his side, who could have lived in the trast of the nation and tempered victory with the generosity that Grant gave Lee, when the sword of the insurgent leader was surroudered. The great captain of the age, who had won his fame on the field, taught his country that peace and brotherhood were its priceless jewels.

The warrior retired from the field with long dissevered States re-quited, and he was content. He has no love for the sinuous ways of politics, and no ambition to reach the one crown that was above him.

His nomination was a supreme necessity, and his election inevitable from the day he became a candidate. He accepted the nomination in the characteristic brevitable from the day he became a candidate. He accepted the nomination in the characteristic brevitable from the day he became a candidate. He accepted the nomination in the characteristic brevitable from the day he became a candidate. He accepted the nomination in the characteristic brevitable from the day he became a candidate. He accepted the nomination in the characteristic brevitable from the day he became a candidate. He accepted the nomination in the characteristic brevitable from the day he became a candidate. He accepted the nomination in the characteristic brevitable from the day he became a candidate. He accepted the nomination in the characteristic brevitable from the day he became a candidate. He accepted the nomination in the characteristic brevitable from the solder, and electrified the nation by the key-note of the campaign: "Let us have peace."

He stood unmoved when the Liberal wave of 1872 su

to them.

The achievements of Grant are of these which will grow in lustre as the passious of the age perish, and his errors, many and grave as they were, will be obscured as the country and the world pay tribute to the achievements of the great Captain of the Republic.—Philadelphia Times.

So it was passed. Thus it was passed.—Cour-ier-Journal.

So it seems. So we are suchred. Thus we are suchred. And now we all "pass."—New Orleans Times.

Just think of the harmless, toothless, necessary D. P. in a bantile. Swear him in and let him go. Let him go snyhow.—Ciscinnati Commercial.